

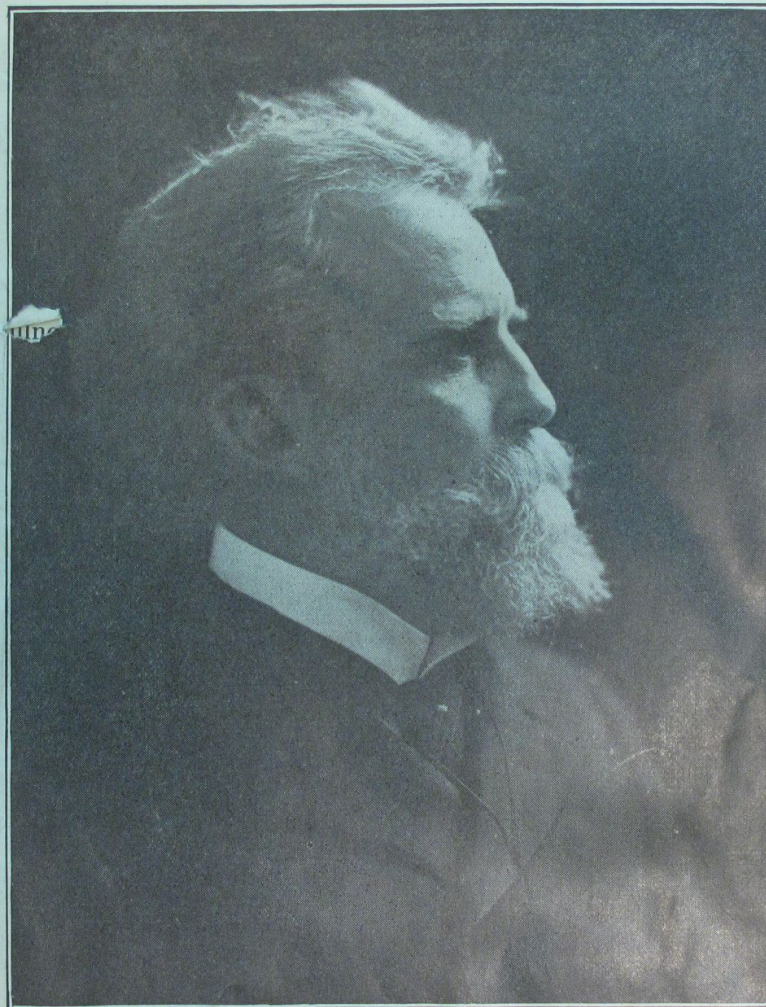
# EXPRESSION

Official Organ of the School of Expression

Vol. XXIX

January 1922

No. 3



**Special Memorial Supplement in Memory of  
DR. S. S. CURRY, President, School of Expression  
DIED DECEMBER 24, 1921**

Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as Second Class Matter  
Act of July 16, 1894



# National Memorial Service for Dr. Curry, Educator

THE National League for the Promotion of the Curry Methods of Expression invites all graduates, students and friends of the School of Expression who are connected with educational institutions in the United States and Canada to unite in a National Memorial Service in honor of Dr. Curry, Educator; the service to be held simultaneously with the Boston memorial service Thursday, February 16, 8 p. m.

It is suggested that reports of such meetings be given to the local press and that copies be sent to the headquarters of the League, 2109 F Street, Washington, D. C.



# SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION

S. S. CURRY, Ph. D., Litt. D., President

ANNA BARIGHT CURRY, Dean

Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

---

## SPECIAL MEMORIAL SUPPLEMENT, JANUARY 1922

---

### OUR LOST LEADER

The School of Expression has sustained a great loss in the death of its President and founder, Dr. Curry, which took place at his home, 60 Bay State Road, Boston, after a three days' illness. On the previous Tuesday Dr. Curry conducted his classes as usual with his accustomed vigor and poise. There was no apparent sign to warn us of the great grief in store for us although the suddenness of the end was not altogether unforeseen by himself and others who were in his confidence.

In the following pages friends and educators pay their last tribute to his memory and express the esteem and affection which they held for him. A Memorial Service for Dr. Curry, Educator, will be held in Boston, February 16, at 8 p. m.

Had this loss occurred some years earlier it would have been an irreparable blow to the School and its work but Dr. Curry's long life of indefatigable energy and devotion has been instrumental in placing both on a firm and secure foundation. It now remains but to perpetuate and carry on the work so ably begun. All plans for the present Regular Session and for the Summer Session of 1922, as authorized by Dr. Curry, will be carried out as announced with the necessary substitution of members of the faculty in charge of Dr. Curry's classes.

But the personal loss will be none the less keenly felt and the memory of the beloved teacher and friend will always be treasured by the students and teachers of the School of Expression.



## THE SERVICE

From the time of his death to the following Wednesday, when the funeral service was held, a steady stream of visitors of all classes, nationalities, and beliefs called to express their grief and love and to look for the last time upon his kind, old face.

The service itself was conducted throughout by old friends, and was in every way a beautiful and appropriate tribute. John Orth, musician and composer, intimate and valued friend for twenty years, played two magical numbers at the piano, one especially composed for the occasion.

Rev. Samuel Lindsay, pastor of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Dr. Stanley Durkee, president of Howard University, Washington, D. C., both old students of the Doctor, made addresses.

Rev. Woodman Bradbury, Professor of Homiletics at the Newton Theological Institution, and Mr. John B. Willis of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, read from the Scriptures.

Rev. John M. English, D.D., former colleague of Dr. Curry at Newton Theological Institution, made the closing prayer.

The service was held at the home of the family, 60 Bay State Road, Wednesday, December 28.

The honorary pall-bearers were: Dr. Stanley Durkee, J. Carter Walker, Rev. Pitt Dillingham, W. B. Closson, James M. Head, Binney Gunnison, Malcolm Green and Willard P. Lombard. Six of these are trustees of the School of Expression.

## CONFERENCE OF TEACHERS AND TRUSTEES

On December 29 an informal conference was held between the teachers of the School of Expression and a number of the Trustees, at which it was tacitly agreed to endeavor in every way to carry out Dr. Curry's wishes in regard to the future of the School and to fulfill in every respect possible the great trust imposed in them. At the request of the teachers and with the approval of the Trustees there present it was decided that Mrs. Curry should continue in active charge of the School until such time as permanent reorganization along lines indicated by Dr. Curry and approved by Mrs. Curry can be effected.



## ADDRESS BY REV. SAMUEL M. LINDSAY

I first met Dr. Curry at Newton Baptist Theological Institution where he was a Professor and I a student. During the three years that I studied there, a warm friendship developed between us, which was to continue through life. At Newton, I became acquainted with the warmth of his personality, his deep spiritual insight, and the unique philosophy of life which he was forever preaching to his students. Dr. Curry had a high respect for the personality of his students, and a deep concern for the welfare of each man. It is not always that a teacher wins the affection of his pupils to such an extent as did Professor Curry.

Dr. Curry loved the open. He was at home in forest and in field. It was my privilege to go with him on many occasions and to study with him the birds, trees, flowers and rocks. He loved nature with the intensity of his friend John Burroughs. It was a rare privilege to lie under the shade of an oak tree and listen while he recited lines from Wordsworth or some other loved lyric poet.

Kilme's *Trees* was one of his favorites:

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.  
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the sweet earth's flowing breast;  
A tree that looks at God all day,  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;  
A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;  
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.  
Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

Dr. Curry believed three things about life: That it is a good thing to live, a better thing to live long, and best of all to live well.

He believed that life was good and not evil, a blessing and not a curse. He believed that God had honored men by calling them into being. Wherever he found life expressing itself, he interpreted it in terms of goodness. He was one of the most optimistic men I ever knew.

Dr. Curry was enthusiastic about life. He lived a strenuous life, and seemed to be interested in everything that was worth



while. His enthusiasm was contagious. He awakened the hearts of thousands to the larger things of life through that effervescent quality which was so characteristic of him.

He believed that everyone should be ambitious to live long. Sometime ago he wrote a book on *How to Add Ten Years to Your Life*. He believed that man should do everything possible to add to the length of his days. He seemed to have the ambition which possessed Metchnikoff, and thought the day would come when the average man would live to be a hundred years old.

To live a God-like life was the supreme ambition of my friend. Dr. Curry was a man of character. He believed in goodness, and practiced it. He lived the simple life, and reflected the spirit of Jesus. The charm of his personality was the charm of goodness. He was a Christian gentleman in all his social and business relationships. He believed that in order to live well, a man must serve his fellow men, and his life was characterized by service. He has helped thousands of men and women to an education and to better living.

Dr. Curry was a firm believer in immortality. He believed that men are immortal and that death is but a tide under the keel of life lifting us into the presence of God. He had no fear of death, and looked forward to the unknown with a spirit of quiet confidence.

We are sad today because a great teacher and a loyal friend has been taken from us but we rejoice in his memory as that of a great and good man.

## THE WORN DOOR SILL

### A Tribute to Dr. Curry

ERNEST POWELL

Unnumbered feet, from city, farm and town,  
Have passed this way, and worn this door sill down;  
The sill is worn, and thinner grows each year,  
Because within this place there dwells a seer.

From everywhere they come, the young, the old,  
To hear his words of truth, his voice of gold;  
And beauty's light in benediction falls  
On all who pass within these friendly walls.

Unnumbered feet from near and far away  
Have trod upon this door sill, day by day;  
The sill is worn, and lower grows each year,  
Because within there dwells a sage and seer.



## ADDRESS BY DR. STANLEY DURKEE

"In every epoch of the world the great event,"—says Thomas Carlisle, "parent of all others,—is the arrival of a thinker in the world."

Samuel Silas Curry came into this world, destined for a thinker, a worker, a pioneer. His early struggles were inchoate gropings for his true fields of investigation,—restless, eager, often discouraged chafings against the very obstacles which were to prove his gateways, opening out to his human immortality. He early revealed both those strengths and weaknesses which have marked these years of splendid endeavor and monumental achievement. I shall not enter into a history of his life, nor endeavor to catalogue his works. To others with more knowledge of that history and keener appreciation of the struggles which led to the stairway up which he was to mount to fame and ere long to write his name among the few who contribute original ideas to the human race—do I leave that fascinating task. I trust his biography will be given to the world both for the sake of his thousands of students and for that greater public ever longing to draw water from the wells of such inspiration. In the brief minutes permitted me at this hour, I can but note the original blaze marks cut by his own hands, indicating the trail along which those highroads of vocal expression as well as all art expression would some day be builded. That he was the original thinker, the pioneer, the pathfinder into that unknown realm of self expression no one who fully understands will deny.

Up to the time of his revelation, if I may so speak, schools of what was called elocution held sway. In them pupils were taught to recite selections as the teacher dictated. Hence the teacher's mannerisms of voice, carriage, and thought were reproduced. The pupil became a second edition of the teacher. But what were the original powers of the pupil? Was there not some other expression of that same selection which might be even more effective if the personality of the pupil could be liberated? Indeed, were there not as many varieties of expression as there were students to express? Should not, then, the whole study be to awaken the student to express himself and not reproduce his teacher? These were the questions S. S. Curry was so earnestly asking. But to ask such questions forced him to ask others. Are there laws for vocal art, as well as for all other arts? Are there laws which, if found, will enable the teacher to scientifically guide the development of his pupil and thus liberate that divine something we call personality locked up in his



very life? His conclusions were these: each being has a divine personality; the supremacy of the vocal teacher's art is to assist the student in liberating that divine self. There are scientific laws on which such teaching must be based; the teacher must discover those laws, and train his students, and thus be the means of liberating to the world new interpretations as they issue from each trained mind. All this has become a mere truism today. No school which has for its aim the training of public speakers would dare ignore this great and original conception. To S. S. Curry and to Mrs. Curry the world owes this great gift. Upon such foundations was the School of Expression in Copley Square, Boston, founded. Upon such foundations has it stood; upon such foundations does it stand today. In his school and in the hearts and lives of his pupils is his monument and there is recorded the splendor of his genius. When I look upon his now quiet face and think of all he has meant and will yet mean to the world, I look upon it in reverence and awe. The great world outside never knew him. He never possessed the power to charm the multitude. He was a teacher. In the teacher's room he sat upon a throne. There he was king. I knew him not in these later years as teacher, but twenty years ago I was his pupil. I came to him a young clergyman, feeling all the handicaps and limitations of imperfect training and a too vigorous spirit. He, too, had been a clergyman. He never forgot. In a class of young ministers he was at his very best. He taught us to see the great laws of expression. We for the first time caught the true meaning of the art of vocal expression. We learned how "to train our thoughts, like birds, to soar or wander wheresoe'er they will" and yet keep beauty and grace harnessed to strength. Ere long we glimpsed the truth that "all art is the consciousness of no art." Or to properly translate, all art is the mastery of the laws of art, so that the laws become unconscious agents of the will.

I am glad to come here today to lay my wreath of appreciation and love at the feet of him who gave me liberty and hence gave me life in the profession I have loved and followed during these years and still follow though with added duties and responsibilities.

I have said Professor Curry was a teacher. He loved to teach. His happiest hours were in the class room or in the quiet of his library where he prepared the manuscripts for those many books which bear his name and fame. Here one found the master. From those hidden retreats one went forth with new ideals flashing before him and beckoning him on. Outside the class room



and the library Dr. Curry was conscious, sensitive and would often react in a way to cause the stranger or the friend to wonder. He was impatient of the slowness, the dullness of the multitude. He could see so clearly the need of such teaching in all departments of education, indeed could see that such teaching was the foundation of all true education. Why could others not see? Why would they not pour out some of their wealth for this great cause? Why must he be so limited when a little money would permit him to give to the world the books which were burning in his brain? His nervous system paid the price for his transcendent genius, and, like the great Carlisle, the price was too great to leave residue for humbler loves and commoner tasks. He must walk practically alone and commune alone and be worried by the everyday tasks and duties though these were essential to his living.

An outstanding memory to me is an evening hour at a somewhat formal function at the School. A former pupil, having gained fame in the big competitive world, was the reader. She gave us some of the old loves in literature, yet with such a fresh and different interpretation as to make the old seem new. I can see Dr. Curry's face now with that light of pride and joy upon it as he listened so intently. Here was his contention of a lifetime made real. Here was divine personality revealing itself by new shades of thought and feeling. It recalls to my mind the poem he wrote some years ago a copy of which I have long treasured:

### A TEACHER'S SONG

From a hillside hut, with its door ajar,  
One night in the long ago,  
A light was waved to thee afar,  
Groping in a valley below.  
One called to thee on thy rocky road  
Through the blinding sleet and snow;  
He tried to cheer thee and lighten thy load  
And thy upward pathway show.  
  
He was only one of the many who sought  
To stir thy heart to be bold,  
But he joys to hear of thy battles fought  
And the rocks thou hast turned to gold.  
The years are long but not a regret  
Chills the love for thee untold;  
The heart of the teacher can never forget,  
Though the love of the taught be cold.



Thou art far away, yet he stands there still  
In the same low cabin door;  
And thinks as he points one up the hill  
Of another who went before.  
He is proud to hear thou hast weathered the storm  
And braved the cannon's roar;  
The years are long but his heart beats warm,  
Though thou greet him again no more.

A few of his great teachings come back to me now. He said, "See, feel, think, enjoy, realize, then *tell*. But the 'tell' is not more than one-hundredth of the process."

A student gave a selection before the class. When he had finished, Dr. Curry turned to the class saying "He *did* it, rather than *was* it. First *be* and then give."

Another lesson stands out clearly. He said "In explanation we *tell*; in dramatics we *suggest*. As we deepen in *thought*, *feeling* and *realization* words are fewer."

How often out in the busy world, when listening to one having a hemorrhage of words, this teaching has come back to me, "As we deepen in thought, feeling and realization, words are fewer." But this is not the time or place to linger long in such inspiring memories. To other occasions will his pupils by the thousands bring their tributes of love and thanksgiving and praise. I must content myself today with only touching the strings to know that they are in tune. I must turn to the fact that from his physical presence he withdraws himself, leaving us, but for the hour the clay house in which he dwelt. He himself enters into that spiritual body which our coarse eyes cannot behold. He is now clothed upon with that house which is from heaven. What the ranges he now shall enjoy in that spiritual body and from that house in heaven no mortal may ever know. The strongest wing in the boldest flight of the most daring imagination droops in weariness ere half the possibilities of that spiritual freedom are dreamed. We can only leave him in the care of God whose infinite Fatherhood gave and keeps infinite Sonship.

---

#### TO THE ALUMNI

Mrs. Curry and members of the family desire to express to the Alumni their thanks and grateful appreciation of the beautiful tribute of lilies tied with the School colors which they sent in memory of Dr. Curry.



## AN EVENING OF APPRECIATIONS

On Thursday, January 5, the students and teachers of the School of Expression gave "An Evening of Appreciations" at the School in honor of their beloved leader. Mrs. Curry opened the program by reading the *One Hundred and Seventh Psalm* which was followed by readings, musical numbers and short addresses as given below.

Mr. Edward Abner Thompson also read Browning's *Abt Vogler* and Mrs. Greta Antis played Chopin's *Prelude*.

## AN APPRECIATION

BEULAH McCAUGHEY

We have met this evening to commemorate the memory of one whom all of us hold most dear.

Our thoughts are full of praise for Dr. Curry's life and work, and our hearts are overflowing with love for his simple and beautiful character.

How fitting and proper is it that the first meeting dedicated to his beloved memory, should be held within these walls, where he has taught for so many years, and has patiently and earnestly endeavoured to make easy for us what he has himself so labored and struggled to attain. It is for us to dedicate our lives to the work he has begun and so nobly carried on. We know how near and dear to his heart was his work, and that he will be with us, in spirit, always.

It has been said, "a life is measured by its service." Then his life is immeasurable, because it was a life consecrated to the service of humanity. Let us say of him as has been said of another:

"He is gone, but we believe that he wears a truer crown,  
Than any wreath that man can weave him."



## LINES FROM "ADONAI'S"

SHELLEY

Read by STEWART MASTEN

....  
Peace, Peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep!  
He hath awakened from the dream of life —

....  
He is made one with Nature. There is heard  
His voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird.  
He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone;  
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move  
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,  
Which, wields the world with never-wearied love,  
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

....  
The splendours of the firmament of time  
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;  
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,  
And death is a low mist which cannot blot  
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought  
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,  
And love and life contend in it, for what  
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,  
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

....  
The One remains, the many change and pass;  
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;  
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—

....  
That light whose smile kindles the Universe,  
That Beauty in which all things work and move,  
That benediction which the eclipsing curse  
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love  
Which, through the web of being wove  
By man, and beast, and earth, and air, and sea,  
Burns bright or dim; as each are mirrors of  
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,  
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.  
The breath whose might I have invoked in song  
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng  
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.  
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!  
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar!  
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,  
The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.



## THE SMILE

CATHERINE PADWICK

Dr. Curry has dedicated his book *The Smile* "To those who by loyal thought, word or deed have founded the School of Expression"; also,—and this is my reason for bringing this to your attention this evening,—“To those who by look, smile, or in any way will aid in giving to the School a *Permanent Home*.” May it not be given to each one of us to contribute our share toward the accomplishment of the object so dear to the heart of our great teacher?

“One lifted a stone from my rocky road,  
One carried a while my heavy load;  
One lifted his candle when all was dark,  
One heard the song of a morning lark.  
A look, and I knew a brother was near,  
Only a smile but it banished my fear.  
Oh little you thought of the help you gave—  
But the little you did was mighty to save!”

## THE IDEALIST

ANNE CAROLINE BRYANT

Across the page of our lives there falls the shadow of one outstanding figure which towers above all others,—that of a man who not only saw life as it is but as it should be.

Dr. Curry was an idealist but he was also, throughout his long life, a student and a worker. He lived to see many of his dreams accomplished and his ideals become realities.

Dr. Curry was a man of great spiritual insight and power. He was a lover of nature and inspired that love in others. With him love of Nature was the basis of all Art. He loved beauty and sunlight, clear skies, blooming flowers and happy faces. His spirit was courageous and helpful and the influence of his teachings was all for good.

Dr. Curry was a great idealist in a materialistic age, and in a world of strife and self-seeking a genuine lover of humanity.



## AN APPRECIATION

LEONORA AUSTIN

I like to think of Dr. Curry's humanity. The temptation to encircle with a halo one so loved and admired as was Dr. Curry is very great, but I wish to preserve in my portrait of him all the expressive values of character and individuality which united to form the unique and interesting personality which bore his name in life. For his was perhaps the most vivid and compelling personality that it will fall to the lot of most of us to meet in a lifetime.

It doesn't bother me in the least that the elements which went to make up that personality were contradictory in many respects and at times difficult to harmonize and understand. Nor, to my mind, does this apparent irreconcilability in any way impugn the essential integrity and sincerity of his character. It merely makes him a more interesting and intriguing study as a human being.

To me the news of Dr. Curry's death came with peculiar shock. I heard of his illness first on Friday together with the report that he was better—would probably be about in a few days. On Saturday morning, I thought to stop on my way down town and leave some trifle of a Christmas greeting for him. I looked in at a florist's shop on the way but all the plants seemed so conventional, so aggressively "for sale" in their flaunting beauty that they did not appeal to me. I turned to leave the shop when my eye fell upon a quaint little growing thing which looked like a tiny pine tree with a garland of blossoms about its waist. An absurd little thing it was, looking quite aware of the irrelevance of its surroundings, and seeming to say quite audibly, "I would be so much obliged if you would take me away with you. I don't feel in the least at home here."

In reply to my enquiry the shopkeeper said that it was "heather, Scotch heather, imported from Scotland." Imagine! Heather—from the Scottish moors—growing in a pot! "I'll take it," I said, and hurried on hugging my prize and saying to myself, "Well, perhaps it will amuse him anyway!"

All the way down the avenue Browning's lines to Shelley were running in my head:

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own  
And a certain use in the world, no doubt,  
Yet a handbreadth of it shines alone  
'Mid the blank miles round about:



For there I picked up on the heather  
And there I put inside my breast  
A moulted feather, an eagle feather . . .

How the Doctor loved those lines and with what rich appreciation he repeated them! How applicable they were to himself, who had been to so many lonely and pestered souls "the handbreadth that shone alone 'mid the blank miles round about"!

I went up the steps and into the hall where Haskell was standing tying up something with a string, and I said, "Haskell, I've brought a little plant for your Father. May I go up?" He looked at me and said, "Why—don't you know? Father isn't here—any more."

I didn't believe it then and I don't believe it now. Here, in these rooms where he taught for so many years and where, but yesterday, he walked and talked he seems peculiarly present; more vividly present in some ways than when his body interposed itself between his spirit and ours. As I think of him, that last morning, passing with bent head and long, eager stride from the class room to his study as we have seen him pass hundreds of times, I wonder at our blindness—that we did not see the silent figure walking at his side, drawing nearer and nearer to him till it almost touched his garments; walking with him breast to breast as he passed out at the door and from our sight.

We shall always delight to dwell on the appealing simplicity and charm of Dr. Curry's character, the mellowness of his scholarship, his keen sense of humor, his electric sympathy and understanding, but we must not fail to remember that beneath the rich gifts of nature which he shared with us so royally, there was a *purpose* to which all his energies were bent namely, that of securing for the science and art of Vocal Expression a recognized and permanent place in the educational system of our country.

A large endowment for the School of Expression seemed to Dr. Curry necessary for the accomplishment of this object. Of late, in his fruitless efforts to secure the endowment he sought he has seemed at times a pathetic figure. I have, personally, a curious sinking of the heart when I think of it and how impatient the perpetual thrumming on the same string sometimes made us. "Why won't you help me with the endowment?" he would say reproachfully. Once I replied that if all the teachers worked all the time for the endowment there wouldn't be any school and then there wouldn't be any need of an endowment. "Yes," he replied, sadly, "perhaps you're right."



But don't imagine that anything that was ever said deterred him a moment from his purpose. Far from it. The next morning he would appear as blithe as bird on bough and proceed to unfold a brand new plan for securing an endowment fund.

Can anyone think for a moment that a spirit like that can die—or even fail? I do not think it can fail whatever happens to the endowment. The ideas which he wished to perpetuate have gone forth to all the world and ideas are hard to kill. By this, I do not mean that the school should not have a home of its own. I think it should. But I am more interested in the development of the great idea itself than in the buildings which might house it.

I would like to see the School of Expression take its place as the leading school of literature and expression in the world with the emphasis equally on *Literature*. I would like to see the School win a place for itself as unique in the field of literature as the London School of Economics, for instance, has made for itself in the field of economic science.

There is serious constructive work ahead of us, my friends, if the School of Expression is to be placed on any such basis; but I am convinced that with wise plans, skillful leadership, and the wholesouled cooperation of the student body it can be accomplished.

## CROSSING THE BAR

TENNYSON

Read by MRS. B. D. HUNTINGTON

"Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea;  
  
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.  
  
Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;  
  
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar."



# A DREAM OF WILD BEES

OLIVE SCHREINER

Read by ETHEL PRISCILLA POTTER

One day it was my privilege to sit in a class on Elliptic Pantomime, which Dr. Curry was conducting. He was dealing with the philosophy of expression, of pantomime in general, and elliptic pantomime in particular. From this his electric mind leaped to the philosophy of M. Maeterlinck, and he instanced that remarkable book, "The Life of the Bee."

I shall never forget that hour, for Dr. Curry treated that book with a touch allegorical. I never hear bees nor think of them without a keen remembrance of that experience, and so I bring to you tonight an allegory by Olive Schreiner—"A Dream of Wild Bees."

A mother sat alone at an open window. Through it came the voices of the children as they played under the acacia-trees, and the breath of the hot afternoon air. In and out of the room flew the bees, the wild bees, with their legs yellow with pollen, going to and from the acacia-trees, droning all the while. She sat on a low chair before the table and darned. She watched the needle go in and out; and the dreary hum of the bees and the noise of the children's voices became a confused murmur in her ears, as she worked slowly and more slowly. Then the bees, the long-legged wasp-like fellows who make no honey, flew closer and closer to her head, droning. Then she grew more and more drowsy, and she laid her hand on the edge of the table, and leaned her head upon it. And the voices of the children outside grew more and more dreamy, then she did not hear them, but she felt under her heart where the ninth child lay. Bent forward and sleeping there, with the bees flying about her head, she had a weird brain-picture; she thought the bees lengthened and lengthened themselves out and became human creatures and moved round and round her. Then one came to her softly, saying, "Let me lay my hand upon thy side where the child sleeps. If I shall touch him he shall be as I."

She asked, "Who are you?"

And he said, "I am Health. Whom I touch will have always the red blood dancing in his veins; he will not know weariness nor pain; life will be a long laugh to him."

"No," said another, "let me touch; for I am Wealth. If I touch him material care shall not feed on him. He shall live on the blood and sinews of his fellow-men, if he will; and what his eye lusts for, his hand will have."



And another said, "Let me touch him: I am Fame. The man I touch, I lead to a high hill where all men may see him. When he dies he is not forgotten, his name rings down the centuries, each echoes it on to his fellows. Think—not to be forgotten through the ages!"

And the mother lay breathing steadily, but in the brain-picture they pressed closer to her.

"Let me touch the child," said one, "For I am Love. If I touch him he shall not walk through life alone. In the greatest dark, when he puts out his hand he shall find another hand by it. When the world is against him, another shall say, '*You and I.*'" And the child trembled.

But another pressed close and said, "Let me touch; for I am Talent. I can do all things—that have been done before. I touch the soldier, the statesman, the thinker, and the politician who succeed; and the writer who is never before his time, and never behind it. If I touch the child he shall not weep for failure."

About the mother's head the bees were flying, touching her with their long tapering limbs; and, in her brain-picture, out of the shadow of the room came one with sallow face, deep-lined, the cheeks drawn into hollows, and a mouth smiling quiveringly. He stretched out his hand. And the mother drew back, and cried, "Who are you?" He answered nothing; and she looked up between his eyelids. And she said, "What can you give the child—health?" And he said, "The man I touch, there wakes up in his blood a burning fever, that shall lick his blood as fire. The fever that I will give him shall be cured when his life is cured."

"You give wealth?"

He shook his head. "The man whom I touch, when he bends to pick up gold, he sees suddenly a light over his head in the sky; while he looks up to see it, the gold slips from between his fingers, or sometimes another passing takes it from them."

"Fame?"

He answered, "Perhaps not. For the man I touch there is a path traced out in the sand by a finger which no man sees. That he must follow. Sometimes it leads almost to the top, and then turns down suddenly into the valley. He must follow it, though none else sees the tracing."

"Love?"

He said, "He shall hunger for it—but he shall not find it. When he stretches out his arms to it, and would lay his heart against



a thing he loves, then, far off along the horizon he shall see a light play. He must go towards it, and he must travel alone."

"He shall succeed?"

He said, "He shall fail. When he runs with others they shall reach the goal before him. For strange voices shall call to him and strange lights shall beckon him, and he must wait and listen. And this shall be the strangest; far off across the burning sands where, to other men, there is only the desert's waste, he shall see a blue sea! On that sea the sun shines always, and the water is blue as burning amethyst, and the foam is white on the shore. A great land rises from it, and he shall see upon the mountain-tops burning gold."

The mother said, "He shall reach it?"

And he smiled curiously.

She said, "It is real?"

And he said, "What *is* real?"

And she looked up between his half-closed eyelids, and said, "Touch."

And he leaned forward and laid his hand upon the sleeper, and whispered to it, smiling; and this only she heard—" *This shall be thy reward—that the ideal shall be real to thee.*"

And the child trembled; but the mother slept on heavily and her brain-picture vanished. But deep within her the antenatal thing that lay here had a dream. In those eyes that had never seen the day, in that half-shaped brain was a sensation of light! Light—that it never had seen. Light—that perhaps it never should see. Light—that existed somewhere!

And already it had its reward: the Ideal was real to it.



(FROM ZION'S HERALD, JANUARY 11, 1922)

## HE ACTED WELL HIS PART

REV. DAVIS WASGATT CLARK, D.D.

The trite top line of the old copy-book comes to mind—"Honor and shame from no condition rise." It would seem there are some in these parts who would fain deny the axiom. They are those folk whom Oliver Wendell Holmes wittily and twittingly called the New England Brahman caste. But there has just closed a career in this city which aside from all incidental and personal phases is worthy of note as an illustration and proof of the familiar saying. A lank, penniless, friendless lad, of no "condition" and from the mountains of Tennessee, has just with indefatigable industry and dauntless spirit, practically single-handed, carved out a niche for himself in the cold granite front of New England society.

Samuel S. Curry came to Boston just as John T. Trowbridge did to New York. The latter said he came as an up-state boy to New York with a pocket full of poems and a brain full of ideals but wondering how he was ever going to make a living.

The analogy between Trowbridge and Curry is not quite perfect, for the latter came to attend the School of Theology of Boston University and he instantly found a "friend" in that peerless faculty, two of whom still survive as if to show us what the others were like. With true Methodist evangelistic fervor he gave himself in spare hours to city missionary work, as the students do to this day. He found a "flop hotel," a dank, horrid cellar, where men paid five cents for a spot to lie down on. Just at this juncture began the friendship between Phillips Brooks and Curry, which lasted for life. One evening the latter was telling the rector of his experience when the older man broke in with the exclamation, "Curry, I'd like to go with you. Come to the house tomorrow night!" When Curry called, the vestry was in session and an officious official said, "Dr. Brooks is very busy, he is very much engaged!" Just then "S. S." heard that "voice," ever dear to those who have once heard it. It was saying: "Gentlemen, I have an appointment with that young man. I'll approve the business you transact in my absence." The next moment Dr. Brooks was in the hall and reaching for his hat, and the two swept out arm in arm to the North End and down into the fetid air of the cellar, ill lighted with its smoking lamps. Phillips Brooks stood a moment, the splendid specimen of perfect manhood towering above those human



wrecks upon the floor, and then he poured out his soul upon them in such a message of the love of God as an angel would delight to hear. It was deed as well as word, for that night before they parted, Brooks gave Curry a goodly sum to be expended at his judgment in the way of relief.

Curry made a stepping-stone out of his own stumbling-block. He was constitutionally nervous to such a degree that it was painful to listen to him and one's attention was diverted from what he was attempting to say to the way he was saying it. Again the School of Theology came to his help. The temporary quarters of the school in those days were in the top of 36 Bromfield Street and were so crude as to be nicknamed "Garret Biblical," but in the faculty was Lewis B. Munroe, teacher of vocal expression. It was as if he concentrated his genius upon the most hopeless of the class. Suddenly Curry found his life vocation. He might not preach himself, but he would teach a thousand theologues how to preach most effectively.

Talking of copy-books, he threw the "copy" method of "elocution" into the discard forever. He protested against imitation. His contention was that one should express, not exhibit. He used Schlegel to say man can give nothing to his fellow man but himself. The student should not be like his teacher but like his own best self, his faults, which Curry called "warts," removed as far as possible, but his distinctive characteristics preserved. Curry's aim was the conveyance of thought from one mind to many minds by the best vocal expression of that thought possible. In this he dug down to a fundamental principle, scattered the debris of the false methods of a century of "elocution," and became the first, foremost scientific teacher and exponent of "expression." A college president well known said the other day that before a decade the "Curry method" would be universally adopted from the kindergarten to the university, and that any other would be rated absurd.

On this principle Curry founded his institution, giving it the happy and significant name "School of Expression." At this juncture he married Anna Baright, herself a postgraduate of expression. Their relation and cooperation was as unique in expression as that of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett in poetry. Mrs. Curry was a graduate and later an instructor in the Boston University School of Oratory and has been dean of the School of Expression since its foundation. Their industry has been phenomenal. Besides conducting the regular semesters, they have organized summer schools in various parts of the



country, while Dr. Curry has served as instructor or professor in Boston University, Newton Theological, Harvard University and Harvard Divinity, Divinity of Yale, Columbia, and several other institutions. He was also busy with his pen, as a score of spirited and valuable books on his science indicate. Shailer Mathews pronounces his *Vocal and Literary Interpretation of the Bible* the noblest volume of the character to be found in our language. His versatility is indicated by *The Smile* and *How to Add Ten Years to Your Life*, poems, and his contribution to the war, *Hints to Officers on Giving Commands*.

Dr. Curry was inveterately opposed to commercializing his art or his school. Money was necessary, and he could say with Paul Laurence Dunbar, "Checks am pleasin'," but even a slight acquaintance revealed the fact that this was not just a new quest for the almighty dollar. He drew no salary, and as there was no endowment the entire revenue was turned into the increase and betterment of the facilities. His support came from the summer schools and the royalty on his books and his instruction at universities, but in emergencies even this independent income was subject to draft. This sincere, disinterested devotion to his ideal was his strength. It won and held for him such a circle of friends as few men could boast, among them, not to name the living, Phillips Brooks, Sir Henry Irving, W. D. Howells, T. B. Aldrich, J. T. Trowbridge, Alex Melville Bell, and Governors Gaston, Rice, and Ames. It also drew to him discriminating students from every section, class, and profession—in fact, ten thousand of them! It is not commonly known, but he incidentally rendered a valuable public service without thought of remuneration when he invited the public school teachers to bring any pupils who had special difficulties in speech for free examination, advice, and help. The teachers themselves were also invited to come for suggestions as to how to use the voice in the schoolroom and how to avoid sore throat and kindred maladies. How well he illustrated his own saying, "There is no rest in art"!

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."



## FROM "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA"

Dr. Curry was born in Chatata, Tennessee, November 23, 1847. He was graduated in 1870 from the University of Tennessee with the degree of B.A. In 1878 he took his M.A. at the same University, in 1879 his Ph.D. at Boston University, and in 1905 Colby bestowed the degree of Litt.D. upon him. He was Snow Professor of Oratory at Boston University from 1879 to 1888, was Acting Davis Professor of Elocution at Newton Theological Seminary from 1884 to 1919. He was instructor of Elocution at Harvard University from 1891 to 1894, at Yale Divinity School from 1892 to 1902, and at Harvard Divinity School from 1896 to 1902. He was also lecturer on Art at the University of Minnesota in 1905, at the University of Chicago in 1908. In 1909 he was lecturer on the Principles of Dramatic Expression at Teachers' College, Columbia University. From 1891 to 1909 he was librarian of the Boston Art Club. He was Assistant Instructor at Union Theological Seminary, New York, from 1919 till his death.

## HIS BOOKS

Dr. Curry's published works are, *Classics for Vocal Expression*, published in 1888; *Province of Expression*, 1891; *Lessons in Vocal Expression*, 1895; *Imagination and Dramatic Instinct*, 1896; *Vocal and Literary Interpretation of the Bible*, 1903; *Foundations of Expression*, 1908; *Browning and the Dramatic Monologue*, 1908; *Mind and Voice*, 1910; *Little Classics for Oral English*, 1912; *Spoken English*, 1913; *The Smile and How to Add Ten Years to Your Life*, 1915. At least two other important works were nearly ready for publication at the time of his death.









The **Margaret Eaton School Digital Collection** is a not-for-profit resource created in 2014-2015 to assist scholars, researchers, educators and students to discover the Margaret Eaton School archives housed in the Peter Turkstra Library at Redeemer University College. Copyright of the digital images is the property of Redeemer University College, Ancaster, Canada and the images may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email digital images for individual non-commercial use. To learn more about this project or to search the digital collection, go to <http://libguides.redeemer.ca/mes>